

Longing

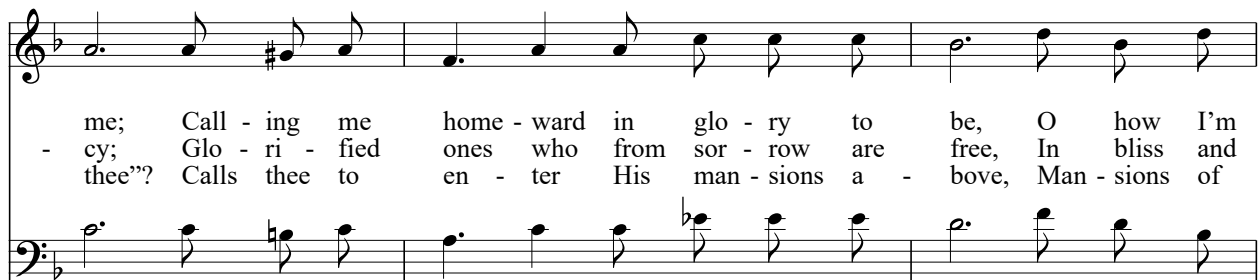
Marguerite Aythelda Bixler, 1906

Marguerite Aythelda Bixler

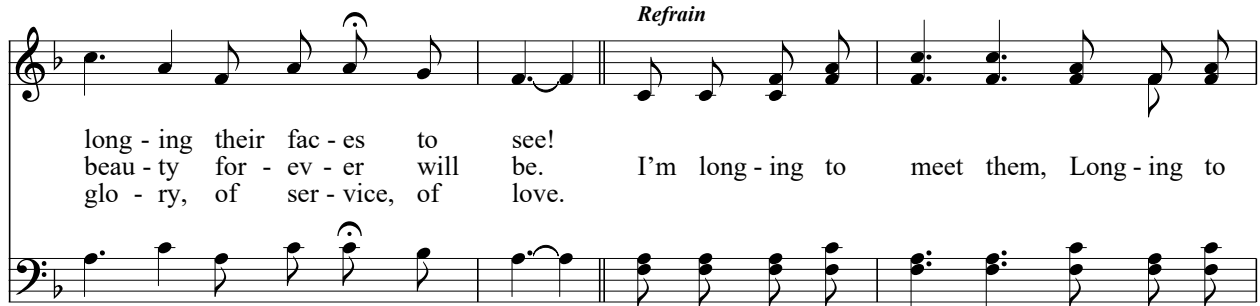
♩=96



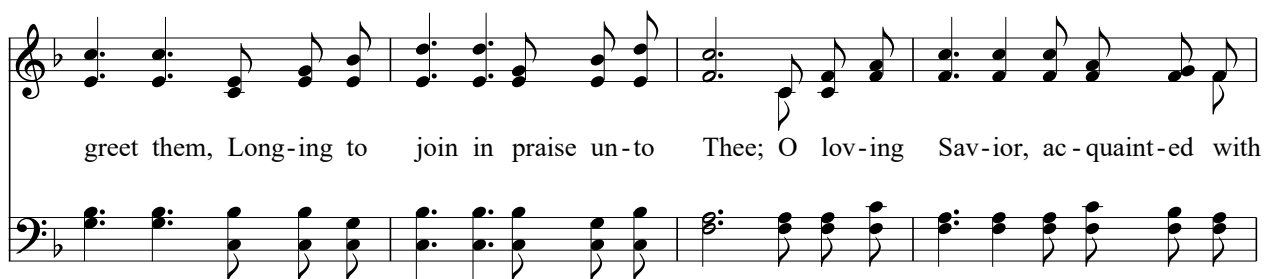
1. O-ver the riv-er voic-es I hear; Sweet are the songs they're sing-ing to
2. O-ver the riv-er man-sions I see; All are a-glow with new ra-dian-
3. O-ver the riv-er, when shall it be? When shall I hear, "The Mas-ter calls



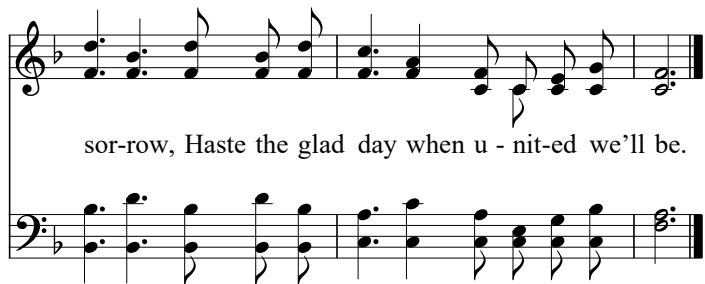
me; Call-ing me home-ward in glo-ry to be, O how I'm
- cy; Glo-ri-fied ones who from sor-row are free, In bliss and
thee"? Calls thee to en-ter His man-sions a-bove, Man-sions of



Refrain
long-ing their fac-es to see!
beau-ty for-ev-er will be. I'm long-ing to meet them, Long-ing to
glo-ry, of ser-vice, of love.



greet them, Long-ing to join in praise un-to Thee; O lov-ing Sav-ior, ac-quaint-ed with



sor-row, Haste the glad day when u-nit-ed we'll be.